

## **Hannibal's "Malek Rama Lakhouma": The Tall Handsome Prince**

The excerpts below are taken from the book "Hannibal Alkhas: Selected Works of Poetry" which was type set and published by Mr. Marcel Josephson in San Jose, CA in 2010 and is available from lulu.com website.

The poem "Malek Rama Lakhouma" (The Tall Handsome Prince) is currently being used for the creation of a musical by Mr. Edwin Elieh. Mr. Josephson continues his role as a consultant to Mr. Elieh on language matters. He has also provided a full translation of the poem which will be used by the Mesopotamian Night team during the production of the musical.

We would also like to thank Ms. Anna Alkhas for giving us the permission to use the poem in the creation of this musical.

---

In the context of this magnificent fairy tale, a reasonable translation for the term "Malek Rama Lakhouma", the main character of the tale would be "The Tall Handsome Prince". This tale is about envy, wicked-thinking, conspiracy, deception, viciousness, and finally the triumph of good over evil.

It is the tale of three unfortunate sisters sitting down for weaving in their poor cabin; one wishing to become a queen to weave a tie for pants that every woman and her husband can use to wrap their pants, one wishing to become a queen to cook a noodle dish that whoever ate from it would admire the good taste of it, and the third wishing to give birth to a warrior to become a king. In our language words the tie for a pair of pants (tektä) and the noodles (rekta) rhyme so nicely that with Hannibal's immaculate creativity give an amusing opening to this poem.

It so happens that the king was passing by and overhears the conversation of three sisters. He marries the third sister and hires the other two to do the weaving and the cooking in the palace. King was at war and had to leave right after the marriage ceremony. It comes the time that his wife gives birth to a healthy boy. She sends a message to her husband to share the good news but the message was intercepted by her two sisters and her mother-in-law. They re-wrote the message stating that the newborn was a monster. First he got disappointed and wanted to have the newborn's life terminated but he soon changed his mind and sent a message asking newborn to be saved until king's return. The conspirators intoxicated the messenger and changed the content of the king's message to read "get rid of the newborn and the mother; leave them to the sea".

The newborn and mother were put in a basket and left afloat on the sea. The basket finally beaches at an island where the boy has grown into a young man. The islanders ask him to become their prince. Upon beaching at the island, in search for food in the woods, he rescues a pigeon that was just about to be killed by an eagle. To return the favor, the pigeon would grant him any wish he asked for. Many ships originally from the land where his father ruled would pass by his island and he would ask the sailors to anchor and he would host them very generously.

Upon their sail away he would feel homesick missing his father. Each time the pigeon would convert him to an insect so that he could travel unnoticed with sailors to his father's land to see him. Each time the sailors would report to king how greatly they were treated by the prince of the neighboring island. They would also describe the magnificent developments they would witness on the island and would notify the king that the prince has extended an invitation to the king to visit the island.

The envious two aunts and the grandmother, each time would undervalue the developments on the island by saying that they have heard of something even more miraculous in other lands. The prince as an insect would sting one of the three envious conspirators each time. The sailors of the next ship would describe the actual occurrence of what conspirators had mentioned they had heard. And each time another conspirator would get stung.

At last, the king decides to visit the prince where he comes face-to-face with his wife and the entire plot is revealed. This imaginative work has many repetitions such as many ships pass by and many sailors get treated so highly; and yet, each repetition has its own uniqueness showing progression and continuous improvement of environmental conditions influenced by man. Except in the beginning where some of the most inferior inclinations of human being are demonstrated, the rest of the poem illustrates hope, development, and advancement. At the climax of this constructive trend, it is very remarkable to see how skillfully Hannibal brings Gilgamesh on the scene within the setting of this entirely fictional work.

This work also very brilliantly reveals a son's desire to see his father who has been away from him for a long time. In my view, the main character of this tale and Hannibal share same feelings in regards to being away from father.

# مَلِكُ الْجَنَّةِ الْمُهَمَّةِ

بِلْهَمَّةِ: حَنَبَلَ الْمَكْحُونَ (1930-2010)

**Malek Rama Lakhouma (The Tall Handsome Prince)**

A fairy tale composed by:

**Hannibal Alkhas (1930-2010)**

Translated to English by:

**Marcel E. Josephson**

Text of poem in Assyrian taken from:

**Hannibal Alkhas, Selected Works of Poetry**

<http://www.lulu.com/content/8015829>

Once upon a time in a cabin of poor people  
Three girls were sitting down and weaving.

جھوکہ مگہ ڈھنیتیں تھیں ۲۵۰،  
گھاٹیں مہنگے تھے ۵۰ جو تھے ۲.

"If I were a queen  
I would wove a pant-tie (tekta)  
That all women and their husbands  
Would tie their pants with."  
Was saying one of them.

"۲۵۰ ملکھا،  
تھاں ۲۰۰ مسٹر ۲ ہے،  
چکد یعنی ۵ جگد،  
سینے ۵۰ ہے تھکتی!  
۲۵۰ مسٹر ۲ میٹر.

"If I were a queen  
I would cook a noodle dish (rekta)  
That would eat it from it and get full  
Whoever felt like it  
And would talk about good taste if it."  
Was saying her sister.

"۲۵۰ ملکھا،  
چکر ۲۰۰ مسٹر ۲ ہے،  
چیل ۲۵۰ ہے تھیک،  
حد بھاں چکی ۲۰۰،  
چھپی ۲۰۰ میٹر ۲ کھنڈہ!  
چل ۲۵۰ مسٹر ۲ میٹر.

The third one was saying:  
"I would give birth to a warrior  
If I were a queen  
Come on over Malek. Come."

: ۲۵۰ ۲۰۰ میٹر  
"چکر ۲۰۰ بھاں چکر،  
۲۵۰ ملکھا،  
"کھو! مکی ۲۵۰!

Upon their words were finished  
They heard the door knock  
Malek Slita entered  
Who was the ruler on the land.

وَذَلِكَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ مُنْكَرًا  
وَذَلِكَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ مُنْكَرًا  
وَذَلِكَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ مُنْكَرًا

“I stood behind your door  
I listened to your words  
I am not afraid of marriage  
I also picked you.

٦٥٢ ﴿٤٦﴾ ﴿٤٧﴾ ﴿٤٨﴾ ﴿٤٩﴾ ﴿٥٠﴾

Give birth to a warrior for me  
As you said.  
And you sisters, get up  
And change homes  
In my palace, in my home  
You will be for me  
One sister the cook  
One sister the weaver.”

He said this and left  
And had the girls follow him.

٦٥٩ مِنْ كِلَّ مَذْيَدَةٍ .  
كَلَّ مَذْيَدَةٍ بِكَلَّ مَذْيَدَةٍ .

That they as the sun set  
Malek became a groom.

هُنْ هُنْ جَهْ كَيْ لَهْ،  
مَكِيْ مِيْهَنْ ۝ ۝ لَهْ.

In a royal reception  
With the virgin girl  
On a bed made of ivory  
He lay down next to her.  
The guests gradually left  
And left them alone.

دِمِدِهَنْ دِمِهَنْ مِكْهَنْ،  
مِهْ بَهَنْ دَهَنْ كَهْ،  
لَكْ دَهَجَنْ دَهَجَهَنْ،  
سِهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ دِهَقَهَنْ.

The cook was angry  
The weaver was crying  
They were jealous and envious  
At the sister who was the queen.

حَدَبَهَنْ بَهَنْ دِهَكَهَنْ،  
يَجَهَنْ بَهَنْ دَهَكَهَنْ،  
لَسَهَنْ دَهَهَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ سَهَنْ دَهَهَهَنْ.

But the sweet bride  
Kept her word  
And at the night of wedding  
She became pregnant with a boy.  
The world was in war  
And people (men) were away from homes.

لَبَهَنْ حَلَهَ سَكَهَنْ،  
لَكْ شَهَهَهَنْ بَهَنْ حَلَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ بَهَنْ كَيْهَنْ دَسَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ دَهَهَهَنْ بَهَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ دَهَهَهَنْ بَهَهَنْ،  
لَهَنْ دَهَهَهَنْ بَهَهَنْ.

As he (Malek) was getting on his horse  
 He asked her to well  
 She take care of herself  
 Because away from her  
 He was busy with quarrels  
 As he was fighting with enemies.

لکھاں بے ڈھبے،  
 سکھیں سے تکبے،  
 سکھنے 200 میں،  
 جو ہو ڈیکھنے میتم،  
 تکبے 200 تھم لئے،  
 جو ہدیت 200 فکر.

It came the day that  
 She gave birth to a good looking  
 Warrior boy  
 That she had promised to the husband  
 His (baby's) mother was happy with him  
 As birds are with their eggs.

لے 200 کی 200 کی تھی،  
 مجھکاں بیج گسہ می،  
 بیج بذاتے بیٹھے،  
 گھوڑکاں 200 کی بڑے،  
 سب سے یعنیں بے بیویں،  
 لے بیٹھے بے بیویں.

To her husband a message  
 She sent to give  
 The good news  
 And to further his love (for her).

پھی بجھاں بیج حبے،  
 200 بھجھاں بیج بیجے،  
 مسجدتیں جیسے،  
 ہو کسہ بے میویہ.

The cook and the weaver

بھکریاں ہو گدکیاں،

Along with her crazy mother-in-law  
The old granny  
With her long nose  
Were jealous and envious  
Were cutting and chopping (planning a conspiracy).

لَكَ مُحَمَّدٌ أَنْ يَعْلَمَ  
هُنَّا "تَعْذِيْلَةٌ"  
تَسْبِيْلَةٌ بَذْبَحَةٌ  
سَعْوَيْنِ هَبْلَمَكَهٌ  
كَذْكَهٌ مَّا ٥٥٠ هَبْلَهٌ

They changed the message.

The word then was

“In the night close to dawn

Not white,, not black

Not a boy, not a girl

Without a mouth or ears

## Not a frog or a worm

She gave birth for you

From her abdomen a m

Your wife after labor.”

He was angry furiously

The father from the message.

He wanted to have vanished

The baby and be drowned/strangled.



They executed the message  
Since the order was from king  
There was no room for hesitation.

میں میعادہ، کھبڑا  
کوہ میتے بیٹے دلکھنے،  
تھسکنا کہ دو گنے.

In a woven basket  
Covered with tar  
The son and the mother  
Were left in the sea.

گہ سبھ ٹکن، صبڈ 2،  
دھمہ حنہ بیٹے دب صبڈ 2،  
تھے بذہ بھو قن بیٹنے،  
ھوہیکاہ، بکتے.

In the sky stars are shining  
In the sea waves are quarreling  
The clouds are rising in the sky  
The basket is running on the sea  
The queen is crying and shaking  
The boy is growing stronger.  
Not daily but second to second  
Talking and saying to the wave:  
"O strong and almighty wave  
Who is the freedom seeker like me  
The scraper of sharp rocks  
The savior and destructor of ships

گہ بھنے حم جتے مٹے بکھمیتے.  
گہ تھے لکیتے مٹے بکھمیتے.  
لکھتے کھمیتے مٹے بیٹمیتے،  
ھلکا مگاہ بیڈھنے لکھنے تھے.  
بیجتے مکاہ ملکھنے ویڈھنے،  
تکھنے تسلکم۔ میٹے بیوٹنے.  
گن تھمہنے تھے تھمہنے بذکھر،  
مودھیتھے وہیو بیتھے تھے لکھا:  
تھے لکھ بیکھنے وہیو تھے،  
تکھنے دیٹھا دھنے دھنے تھے،  
گذھنے دھنیتھے بیکھی،  
بڑھنے وہیو بیتھے تھے لکھا.

Come and be a man!

282 بہ نہ 202،

Lead us to the land."

"مکہب کے بک بیدا!

The wave listened  
To the boy in the basket  
And it pulled them to the land  
And gradually left them.

جیسا کہ تھا،  
لکھتے ہم ہلکا۔  
کیدا تھا بیساکی،  
بنتی میں فیساکی۔

The boy exerted force  
He broke and opened the basket.  
The lush and broad plain  
Was like a flame in colorful flowers  
The irrigated hills  
Are surrounded by the sea  
There is an acorn tree out there  
Standing tall.

میں کہ سکن ہکن۔  
جیسا کہ فیساکہ ہکا۔  
جس سبھا 202 بستا،  
بکھری 202 کبجا۔  
ڈھنڈی مہماں تھے،  
تھمے تھے سہزادے۔  
سچ کھنکھا تھا،  
جکن تھمہن ڈمن۔

The boy thought  
And imagines a sling-shot.

لکھتے ہاں میساکی۔  
سچ 202 کمیڈی۔

He removed the cross from neck

جس کی ہاں کبھاں مسکن۔

And took the twine.  
He tied it to a curved branch  
He sharpened a cane.  
Bow and arrow in his hand  
He went to the end of the plain  
For a catch from the sea  
To bring and eat with mother.

جیلیاں میں میں بے بیکار.  
نہ ہیڈاں لکھا ہے بیکاریا.  
بیج و گن میں میں علیا.  
تاج پر بے گیڈا و میڈا،  
ذیعیاں کنڈا ہے جیڈا.  
پھر بیج پیسڈا میڈا،  
فہرے ہے ہن جید میڈا.

There was no calm in the see  
There was no stopping.  
But from behind a boulder  
A supplicating voice  
Reached boy's ears.  
The voice was from a dove  
Around her was flying  
An eagle to attack her.

تھامن کہ ہے ہن جنکن،  
لیں ہن سے ہے میکن.  
بیٹھن کہاں بیج پتی،  
بیج ٹکن یکن،  
کیا کنگ جنڈھن،  
ٹکن جنہاں میسڈا سہن.  
کھڈن کھنڈ، کھوہ،  
یہ ہن کھنڈن کھوہ.

There was no choice left  
He released the arrow from bow  
And hit him (the eagle) in his neck  
His voice rose to the sky.

ڈھنے لیں ہن ہن فیڈا،  
بیڈیاں گیڈا و میڈا.  
میں کیا جی گہ سکھن۔  
ذبیکیاں کھنڈن ٹکھن۔

Like human's voice  
Suffering from anguish.  
He died and the surface of the sea  
Turned red from his blood.

مکن جذب  
حکم می سئے  
مکان مکان تھے  
مکان مکان تھے

He lost his mind (was fascinated)  
When he heard the dove  
In Assyrian dialect  
No longer supplicating,  
Was saying: “O boy  
The wise boy  
Do not feel sorry  
That you killed the eagle  
Not only a dove  
You have also saved the creation.

O my almighty savior  
I do understand  
That you lost your arrow in the sea  
You are faced with hunger  
You have started a life

بِذَهَبٍ مِسْكَنٍ،  
بِذَهَبٍ مِنْ مَهْرَنْ،  
بِذَهَبٍ لَكْنَ ذِي دَلَّهِ،  
بِذَهَبٍ شَهْرَهِ فِي دَلَّهِ.  
مِنْتَهِيَّهُ ذَهَبٍ،

You will be rewarded by me.

You remain with your mother

Your name will be glorified."

میب کیہ یہ یہ (وہیکے).

کوہ نہ بکھریں،

سبد کیتے یعنیو.

With her white wings the dove was flying.

For hungry birds it was time to sleep.

On the third day as the sun rose

The warrior boy woke up

حیلکتیں سہ ڈی مہنے کوئے ہے۔

پنہ کیتے حقیقے کوئے جو مچھے جو ہے۔

تھے ہن اکٹھے جو یعنی ذہنیہ،

ہذہ ہن کیتے جو یعنی ذہنیہ۔

What he saw in front of his eyes was a city

A big city, a cheerful city.

The golden walls were arrayed between rocks

The mountains were bowing before palaces

Old convents and tall churches.

Then he gradually woken his mother:

مہ جب سونے کے، حکیم شدہ بکھرے۔ مجبتا!

سے ڈی مجبتا کہ ڈی ڈی ڈی مجبتا سببنا۔

کوہ دیتے جو ڈی سببیتے بکھرے جانی،

بکھرے کھیڑے ڈیتے بکھرے۔

بکھرے بکھرے کہ مددیں ڈمیں۔

مہ ذیکریں اس بکھرے جسے ڈیں:

"See what the dove has prepared for us

The wise dove with miracles."

The son was saying and mother was happy

Hand in hand, they arrived in the city.

"سوپ ڈھہ، ٹھہ مہ جب مگھا ڈھڈھڈھا!

"ٹھہ ٹھہ سکھا ڈھڈھا ڈھڈھا!

ڈھڈھا ڈھڈھا ہذہ ہن، ہیٹھ بھڈھا سببنا،

ڈھڈھا گہ بھڈھا میں کھا، بکھرے مجبتا۔

The sound of trumpets was deafening  
To receive them as guests, people were coming out of houses  
With golden carriages, the government officials  
Came and respectfully knelt  
Presented the crown made of diamonds  
Put it on the head of the warrior boy  
Called him lord  
“Be our King” they said.

مَكَنْ دِبْرَكَهْ ٢٧٢ تَكَنْ تَهْمَةَ،  
كَبْرَكَهْ ٢٧٣ تَيْمَهْ فَكَنْ مَكْبَهَةَ ٢٧٤.  
كَبْرَيَهْ دَبْرَكَهْ تَكَنْهْ دِمْكَهْ ٢٧٥.  
كَهْ ٢٧٦ دَهْ بَهْ تَكَنْهْ دِمْكَهْ ٢٧٦.  
مَهْ بَهْ بَكَهْ ٢٧٧ مَكْتَهْ مَهْ بَهْ ٢٧٨.  
مَهْ بَهْ بَكَهْ ٢٧٩ مَكْتَهْ ٢٧٩ حَكَنْ.  
مَهْ بَهْ بَكَهْ ٢٨٠ لَكَنْهْ دِكْعَكَهْ ٢٨٠ تَكَنْ،  
مَهْ بَهْ بَكَهْ ٢٨١ تَكَنْهْ دِكْعَكَهْ ٢٨١ تَكَنْ.  
مَهْ بَهْ بَكَهْ ٢٨٢ تَكَنْهْ دِكْعَكَهْ ٢٨٢ تَكَنْ.

He with mother's permission  
Who gave him the name  
Rama Lakhouma (the handsome tall)  
Was reigning from that day on.

۵۰ بِكَفَفٍ دِيْمَنْ،  
دِيْمَنْ تَسْرِيْلَهْ بِكَفَفٍ،  
دِيْمَنْ دَمَنْ كِيْمَهْ

\* \* \* \* \*

There were winds in the sea  
There was a ship on the sea  
The ship was running through waves  
The winds and the sails were intertwining

كَهْتَنِي مَكْتَنِي يَكْتَنِي.  
سَكْنِي لَكْنِي بَكْنِي لَكْنِي تَمْ  
يَكْنِي بَكْنِي يَذْكَنِي.  
كَهْتَنِي لَكْنِي سَكْنِي.

On the deck of the ship  
Some exhausted travelers  
Are looking at that island  
“look at changes through this visit (since our last visit)  
The city with golden hat  
And its palaces scraping the sky.”

لیکن چیلکن میں 28 بی.  
ہنہ سوہنے جو ڈینے.  
بھی بھی کہاں بکھڑا.  
”سوپ جو سکنے دئے جائے!  
مجنہ حمہ بھاگ سوچا جائے،  
پیڑاں جذبجھے گے 20 سے.

The gun salute began  
Asking the ship to anchor  
Rama Lakhouma arrived  
And greeted the guests  
He welcomed them in his house  
In a reception to eat and drink.

اُوں جو ڈی کہاں، میں  
میکن میکن کہاں.  
لے یہ ڈم گسہ ہن،  
پنے ڈینے تے سب جکھی.  
مومکن کہ بخیں کہاں،  
تمہارا نہ جانے مکھا.

From sea, from their purpose  
Where to they were going  
He was asking them  
The sailors replied:

بھی ممہ بھی بھی،  
منہاں یکن مارہ ڈیں،  
میں مارہ 20 بھی ڈیں.  
یہ ہلکا ہلکا ہلکا:

“We are traveling the world  
And passing through countries

”جہاں مہ میسے 25،  
ہنہ ڈھانہ 25 کہاں.

From black and yellow foxes  
And also squirrel skin  
At profit or loss  
We are buying and selling  
Now gradually  
Towards east  
To the land of Malek Slita,  
Our back will not be broken  
If the wind helps us  
We are starting our journey.”  
“On this long journey  
Happy traveling (bon voyage)  
To Malek Slita greetings  
You convey over there from me  
The boy said to them  
And his heart was troubled.

The dove came and saw him  
While the boy was sad.  
The sailors are on the ship  
Preparing for departure

مَهْدِيَّةٌ حَمْمَيَّةٌ وَّهَدِيَّةٌ،  
مَهْمَمَيَّةٌ مَهْمَمَيَّةٌ يَكْبَرُ،  
كَهْ مَكْتَبَهْ كَهْ وَتَبَّهْ،  
تَهْمَيَّهْ مَهْسَهْ يَوْجَعُ.  
سَيْدَتَهْ بَشَّهْ بَشَّهْ،  
كَبَّهْ كَمْجَدَهْ،  
كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ هَلْكَهْ،  
كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ حَمْكَهْ،  
كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ،  
كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ.  
يَنْكَلَهْ مَهْسَهْ تَنْهَذَهْ.  
كَلْبَهْ كَلْبَهْ بَذْجَهْ،  
سَهْجَهْ جَهْ، بَذْجَهْ.  
كَلْكَيَّهْ هَلْكَهْ حَكْمَهْ،  
كَهْجَهْ كَهْجَهْ، مَيْهَهْ كَهْهَهْ.  
بَذْهَهْ كَهْهَهْ بَذْهَهْ،  
كَهْهَهْ كَهْهَهْ كَهْهَهْ.

٢٤٢ گه میون گه یه گه  
کسی یه گه بذه گه.  
بیکه بیکه بیکه گه،  
نه ڈسکے ڈسکے ڈسکے.

“O Rama Lakhouma  
Brightening of the day  
Why are you sad?  
What can I do for you?”

”ئے ڈم کسہ میں،  
بہار ڈیکھنے جائے میں.  
شمہ جب بیوی ہے سچنے؟  
مہ جب نجیب، ٹھوٹھوٹھنے؟“

“O dove my  
Heart is tight for my father (I miss him).”

”ئے تھہبہ نیب،  
سکبیں ملے ہے نیب.“

The dove told him”  
“Do not worry O boy  
Your sadness to come to an end  
You will become a mosquito.”

”میڈیا ٹھوٹھوٹھنے:  
کو اسی نے بڑھتے،  
شمہ ٹھوٹھوٹھنے،  
یہ اسی سے بھٹکا!“

She winged on the sea  
And raised a wave  
She sprinkled over the boy  
He shrunk  
The dove disappeared  
And he turned into a mosquito  
He flew buzzing

”میں کہ کھنے لکھنے.  
مہ ڈیکھنے بند کئے.  
مہ ڈیکھنے بند کھنے.  
کی ٹھوٹھوٹھنے ۵۰۰.  
تھنے ملکیتے ۸ کھنے.  
۵۰۰ ملکیتے کسے بھٹکا!  
کھٹکیا ۵۰۰,۵۰۰.“

And squeezed in corner  
In the ship afloat on the sea  
Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

ہجہ 2 صہبیہ میوکی۔  
گہ یکھن لکھن تھن،  
یسجھن یعنی۔

The winds were happily gusting  
The ship was swimming with the waves  
From one island to another  
The journey on the sea was not short.

کھیتے ہجہ 2 میتے۔  
یکھن ملکیہ یعنی۔  
مسجہ 2 گوڈا 2 کاہ 2 بیڈا،  
52 دشے تھن گن حذہ۔

They arrived their country happily  
And were invited to a reception  
Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita  
Our young warrior following them.

مکی کاہ کاہ 2 بندھا۔  
بیکلہ کہ جہ 2 کاہ 2 بندھا۔  
کھیڈ 2 دمکیے کاہ 2 بندھا،  
کھاہ 2 دمکیے کاہ 2 بندھا۔

He saw his father sitting  
From head to tow in gold  
While sad  
He sat next to his father  
His sweet cook aunt  
His other aunt the weaver  
And his grandmother the granny

سوہ یہ ٹھہرے سببے،  
میڈھا ٹھہرے گہ ڈرپے،  
سچن مکھا ٹھہرے بندھا،  
سہببے ڈرپے ب فہمہ۔  
سلکہ ٹھہرے سکہ بیکھا،  
سلکہ ٹھہرے بیڈا گھکھا،  
لکھ ٹھہرے ٹھڈبے،

## بَلْهَ بَلْهَ بَلْهَ

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)  
To tell from little from large (from here and there)  
From counties behind the sea  
From bad times and good times.

مَكَّةَ هَبَّةَ يَكْتَبُ  
هَبَّهُ مَسِيقَةَ مَهَّدَهُ  
مَهَّدَهُ نَهَّادَهُ  
مَهَّادَهُ مَهَّادَهُ

Bowing respectfully  
The sailors were saying to him:  
“Passing through countries  
Coming upon skills (trades)  
But from an island  
Upon our return what have we seen!  
An acorn tree out in the field  
Has turned into a colorful city.  
The palaces, the convents, and the gardens  
Who can describe their beauty!  
The golden dome of churches  
Who can explain them!  
Malek Rama Lakhouma  
Is sending to your excellence greetings

And request that you take the road  
And be his guest at his region.”

Malek Slita was astonished  
And with a broken heart was saying”  
“If my life allows me  
I will visit the magical place.”

کو یکٹے مائے ۲۵۰ ملکے ہلکے،  
۲۵۰ ملکے یکٹے ہلکے،  
یکٹے ہلکے کب بکھرے،  
کیم سوچیے میں ۲۵۰ کے۔

The cook and the weaver  
Along with the granny  
Their hearts were beating rapidly  
Not wanting the king  
To see that serene island  
The cook with a loud voice  
While having a heartburn from pain  
Winking at her sister  
Said: “There is no magic  
That you all be amazed by much.  
I will tell about a magic  
That will have magicians’ jaws dropped.  
On a tree in a forest

The golden hazelnuts do grow  
That a squirrel would pick them  
While singing with beautiful voice.  
The shells of yellow gold  
But the nuts of emeralds.  
This is the worthy magic  
That like it cannot be found in the world.”

The father was very surprised  
The son was getting angry  
He could no longer wait  
He flew and stung the aunt.  
She became blind on one eye  
She fainted right where she was.

Servant and maids  
Got together to kill the mosquito  
The mosquito escaped through a crack  
As fast as a ship  
And flew with her small wings  
Until she arrived in her own country.

لِمَ يَكِيدُهُ شَيْئٌ دَّعَّ،  
دَعَّهُ شَيْئٌ دَّعَّهُ يَحْدَثُ.  
حَكَّلَهُ شَيْئَتُهُ كُلُّ مُلْكٍ يَلِهُ،  
فَيَذْكُرُهُ شَيْئُهُ شَكَّلَهُ تَبَعِّدُهُ.  
سَجَّلَهُ شَيْئُهُ شَكَّلَهُ حَمْدُهُ،  
كَلِمَاتُهُ شَيْئُهُ فَوْهُ بَلِيدُهُ.

فَكَسَّ بَلَهْ فَكَسَّهُ،  
 يَمِيدَهَهُ، فَهُ مَكْمَهَهُ بَلَهْ.  
 بَذَمَكَهُ بَعْدَهُ مَسْجَدَهُ جَلَفَهُ،  
 بَعْدَهُ دَبَّهُ دَمَّهُ دَلَّهُ جَلَفَهُ.  
 فَدَّهُ بَوْدَهُ دَلَّهُ يَلَفَّهُهُ،  
 دَدَّهُ دَمَّهُ دَلَّهُ كَلَّهُهُ.

Again at the coast  
That Rama Lakhouma  
Has sat thinking  
Until he saw his dove.

“O Rama Lakhouma  
Brightening of the day  
Why are you sad?  
What can I do for you?”

“My heart desires  
Something astound.  
The golden hazelnuts  
On a tree in a forest  
That a squirrel would pick  
And sings beautifully  
The shells are yellow gold  
But the nuts are emeralds.  
I am not sure though  
The words are from a liar.”

میڈی ڈم کسہ مم،  
ہڈم کسہ مم،  
سہبٹے میہ ہ سہمیہ،  
کڈ سوچ یہ ٹن سہمیہ.

” ڈم کسہ مم،  
ٹب بند نکتے.  
ٹھم جب بیوہ ٹیکتے؟  
مہ جب بکج، ٹھوٹکتے؟“

”کب میہ ٹیکتے،  
سہمیڈب جکوکتے.  
ٹیکتے جب بڈج،  
ٹب بند نکتے.  
ڈجتے سج ٹھمڈ،  
ٹب بند نکتے.  
ٹیکتے بٹے ڈکڈ،  
ٹیکتے بیوہ ٹکڈ.  
کی سہ، ٹیکتے نکتے،  
ٹیکتے بٹے میڈکتے.“

“Your heart not to be bitter (do not worry)

لیہو گن مذبڈ.

The words are correct.

سند ہیہ بذبڈ.

I know magic

بہ کب مجھے سیدھے،

The sorrow be away from you (cheer up)

ذسٹن میہو بیٹن.

Ask me abundantly

بکھڑ میب قذٹے،

You will be rewarded.”

جیم فیہ فذٹے۔ ”

After that comfort (by the dove)

بھ ٹھڈ نہ میکھا،

He proceeded to home.

فیکھے لیتے دیٹے۔

What did he see in the yard?

مہ جب سون کی ت بذڈ؟

A miracle had happened!

سونہ مل گا مہ دڈا!

The hazelnuts on the tree

یعنیتے ت بگتے،

The squirrel busy working.

فہڈے مگھ یکتے.

The shells of yellow gold

بکھڑ دیٹے، بذڈے،

The nuts of emeralds.

سینہ بی، بذڈے۔

The squirrel singing

فہڈے مگھ یو مڈے،

And by whistling saying:

بہ میڈھ مٹا لہ مڈے:

“It rained last night

لکھی میڈے نہ نہ کے،

My sweetheart came with a walking stick.”

لکھا ب سونہ میڈے نہ نہ کے۔ ”

Rama was very happy  
And saying with a great shock  
"Good for you dove  
I lost my mind.  
I am so happy  
How about you dove?"

ସୁଖ କିମ୍ବା ଦମ୍ଭ ଦତ୍ତ,  
ଦମ୍ଭଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି:  
"ବୁଝି କୁଞ୍ଜ ମୁହଁ,  
କୁଞ୍ଜକିମ୍ବା ମଧ୍ୟ ମହେତ.  
ମୁହଁ ବିଜନ୍ମ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି,  
ମୁହଁ ବିଜନ୍ମ କେତ?"

The house made of glass  
Guarded by an attendant  
He constructed for the squirrel.  
A squirrel that sings,  
The guard is writing (documenting the count)  
Of emeralds and gold.

ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ମୁହଁ ୨,  
ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ମୁହଁ ୨,  
ମୁହଁ କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା ୨.  
ସୁଖ ମହେତ ବିଜନ୍ମ ୨,  
ମହେତ ବିଜନ୍ମ ୨,  
ମହେତ ବିଜନ୍ମ ୨.

The non-stop work of squirrel  
Is profit for Rama.

କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

There were winds in the sea

କିମ୍ବା ମନ୍ଦିର ବିଜନ୍ମ.

There was a ship on the sea  
 The ship was running through waves  
 The winds and the sails were intertwining  
 On the deck of the ship  
 Some exhausted travelers  
 Are looking at a city  
 That is filled with surprises.

سے 2 یہ لکھ بگھ لکھ نہیں.  
 لکھ بگھ بگھ بگھ.  
 کھمیں سو گئیں بیٹھکے.  
 کھجور چیلکھ بے گھی،  
 حنے سوہنے جو ڈھی.  
 بھمیں مٹے تھے ہجھ مہبھا،  
 مہبھا مکھ بیتھ ملکہ.

The gun salute began  
 Asking the ship to anchor  
 Rama Lakhouma arrived  
 And greeted the guests  
 He welcomed them in his house  
 In a reception to eat and drink.

آہ قی جو ڈن کھٹ، مٹتے،  
 میکھ بگھ بگھ کھٹتے.  
 گھٹے کیہ ڈم گھٹے،  
 کٹھیں بھمیں بھکھتے.  
 بھمگد بکھ بخٹتے کھٹتے،  
 بھمھا ٹھنڈا ٹھنڈا.

From sea, from their purpose  
 Where to they were going  
 He was asking them  
 The sailors replied:

بھ تھے بھ بھتے،  
 مٹھ بیٹھ بھٹھ بھٹتے،  
 بھٹ بھٹ بھٹ بھٹ بھٹ.  
 بھو ٹھٹھ بھو ٹھٹھ،

“We are traveling the world

” بھو ٹھٹھ بھو ٹھٹھ،

And passing through countries  
From big and small horses  
Domesticated and wild  
At profit or loss  
We are buying and selling  
Now gradually  
We are departing  
From your country your excellence  
To the land of Malek Slita.”

مکی ڈھنے کسہ ہے دبّدّ.  
مکہ ہے کوہ ڈھنے کہ ڈھنے،  
نکتے مکہ ڈھنے،  
گہ مکہ گہ مکہ،  
کہ مکہ مکہ مکہ.  
لیڈنے بستے بستے،  
یکنہ مکہ کنہ کنہ،  
مکہ ڈھنے مکہ ڈھنے،  
کنہ ڈھنے مکہ ڈھنے۔

“On this long journey  
Happy traveling (bon voyage)  
You convey over there from me  
To Malek Slita greetings”

بَهْ ڈھنے بَهْ جَهَ،  
سَهْ جَهَ بَهْ جَهَ،  
تَهْ جَهَ مَعْ جَهَ،  
کَهْ جَهَ مَكْهَ جَهَ۔

After bowing  
They departed on their journey.  
Following them Malek Rama  
Came to the sea shore.  
He found the dove  
That was swimming; and he screamed:

شَهْ مَحْفَلَهْ ڈھنے،  
یکنہ، کنہ ڈھنے ڈھنے،  
شَهْ ڈھنے مکی ڈھنے،  
لیہ کمڈنے ڈھنے،  
تَهْ ڈھنے مکہ جَسَدَ،  
یہ ڈھنے، مکہ ڈھنے۔

“Because of sorrow again,  
My heart misses my father (deep desire to see his father.”

"**سچے میدے 2 یکب،  
مہ سچے ملے ہی ٹکب۔**"

From sea, the dove  
Sprinkled water on the boy  
So that he would outgrow a mosquito  
And turn into a fly.  
He flew buzzing  
And squeezed in corner  
In the ship afloat on the sea  
Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

The winds were happily gusting  
The ship was swimming with the waves  
From one island to another  
The journey on the sea was not short.

كَهْ تِيْ سِنْجَهْ ۖ ۖ مَهْتَنْ ۖ  
كَهْ مَكْقَهْ ۖ ۖ يِهْتَنْ ۖ  
مَهْتَنْ ۖ كَهْ دَهْ ۖ ۖ كَهْ بَهْ سِنْجَهْ ۖ  
مَهْتَنْ ۖ كَهْ دَهْ ۖ ۖ كَهْ بَهْ حَذْهَهْ ۖ

They arrived their country happily  
And were invited to a reception  
Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita

مَنْ كَفَرَ بِهِ فَأُولَئِكُمْ هُمُ الظَّالِمُونَ

Our young warrior following them.

## ٢- مکالمہ

He saw his father sitting  
His robe was embroidered with gold  
He sat next to his father and watched him  
Uglier than frogs:  
The cook with blind eye,  
His other aunt the weaver,  
And his grandmother the granny  
With her long nose.

سوچ کیوں نہ کھینچ بھائی  
 کیجھ سوچ کھینچ بھائی  
 کھینچ سوچ بھائی

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)  
To tell from little from large (from here and there)  
From counties behind the sea  
From bad times and good times.

مکی ہلکے یکٹے  
جہاب میجھے می دئے  
مکنہ تھا نہ کھا دئے  
مکھیہ تھا مددھئے

Bowing respectfully  
The sailors were saying to him  
“Traveling around the world  
We have seen –a told- magic.  
There is an island in the sea

ذَيْنَ حِبْكَلَهُ، كَبَّهُ، ٢٥٣  
شَهْرَ بَرْكَهُ ٢٥٤ مَهْدَهُ :  
" كِبَّهُ ٢٥٥ لِيَهُ، كَبَّهُ ٢٥٦  
سَوْمَهُ مَهَسُ كَهْكَتَهُ ٢٥٧  
سَهُ ٢٥٨ كَهْكَتَهُ ٢٥٩ سَهُ،

With limitless beauty of its city  
The palaces, the convents, and the gardens  
Who can describe their beauty!  
The golden dome of churches  
Who can explain them!

We saw in a glass house  
The squirrel that sings psalms  
The squirrel that has been trained to work  
Is picking from tree  
Golden hazelnuts  
But the core (nut) of emerald  
Around the glass house  
There are hundreds of guards  
One guard is writing  
And counting the gold emeralds  
They are minting gold coins  
And selling them all over the places  
Out of sweet (profitable) sea business  
The warehouses are filled with emeralds.  
There is now any cabins (symbol of poverty) out there

مَدْبَرَةٌ حَمْكَدْهَةٌ كَلْمَكْهَةٌ  
 بَلْمَكْهَةٌ بَلْمَكْهَةٌ بَلْمَكْهَةٌ  
 مَعْمَكْهَةٌ مَعْمَكْهَةٌ بَلْمَكْهَةٌ  
 كَلْمَكْهَةٌ كَلْمَكْهَةٌ بَلْمَكْهَةٌ  
 مَعْمَكْهَةٌ مَعْمَكْهَةٌ بَلْمَكْهَةٌ

سونے کے بیٹے دیکھ 23،  
محمد 2 دھرم 2 موم 25.  
محمد 2 مکہ میں یکشنا،  
بھوپال میں 2 بگٹا،  
یونیورسٹی مدنگانہ و دگ 2،  
معلا 2 بگنا 2، محمد کج 2.  
کیم 2 دیگنا دیکھ 25،  
جیلیں ہمیہ ہمہ 25،  
وہ بھہ ہمہ 2 دیگہ 2.  
مکٹا 2، محمد کج 2 دیگانہ،  
مدنگانہ مسٹن ہمہ 2.  
حد دھکتی وہمیہ.  
دھمکا دمکتی میکتی،  
عوہ 2، محمد کج 2 میکتی.  
آہ کہ سچ 2 حومہ سا،

لکھ بڑا ۲۰۲ کیکس۔

Amongst rich or poor.

From there Rama Lakhouma  
Is sending to your excellence greetings  
And requests that you take the road  
And be his guest at his region."

مہم دم کسہ میں،  
کمہ سدھ ۵۰۸ کی سب جنمی،  
فڈوکیں چمکیں ۲۰۲ نئے،  
کلہ سچھاں بھی ۲۰۲ نئے۔

Malek Slita was astonished  
And with a broken heart was saying"  
"If my life allows me  
I will visit the magical place."

کھیٹے مسٹے ملے ہلکے،  
نہ کہے سب کیتے جھکے:  
بتب تابب کب بخچے،  
کیا یادیں ہے، گئے۔

The cook and the weaver  
Along with the granny  
Their hearts were beating rapidly  
Not wanting the king  
To see that serene island  
The weaver with a laughing voice  
Said: "There is no magic  
That you all be amazed by much.  
A lie or a tale

چکنے، بھ کچکنے،  
مکنڈ بستے جنگنے،  
لکھ ڈکھنے ہجھنے،  
گن گئے جسون ملکنے،  
لکھ بکھڑا ۲۰۲ بچکنے۔  
چھکنے جیسخے گچکنے،  
نہ میڈا: "کیا، نہ گئے،  
چکنے بھ ساہ، ۲۰۲۔  
چھکنے بے گ، میکنے،

Has frustrated me.  
I will tell about a magic  
That will have magicians' jaws dropped.

On an island in the sea  
A wave rises  
Very early in the morning  
With a loud roaring noise  
Warriors are emerging from within the wave  
To guard the city perimeter  
33 good looking young men  
Shining with fish scales  
They are the same height  
One better looking than the other  
There is no power to judge them  
And Gilgamesh is their leader.  
This is the worthy magic  
It is not just a word on the wind."

The wise guests kept it quiet  
And did not pursue any discussion.

میب ٹھہ جب مکہ جھپٹا۔  
محبیت یہ ڈھنے اسے سببے،  
حسنہ ٹھنے کوئے کہ بے۔

حسنے کوڈا ہے میں تھنے،  
سچے لکھ میہ یہ ٹھنے۔  
ڈھنے پکڑ ٹھنہ،  
جھپٹا ڈھنے دکڑ کھا،  
فکر ملکہ ٹھنے۔  
کیجے ڈھنہ ڈھنہ تھہے۔  
اگر ۸۸۵ کا ڈھنے یہ ٹھنے،  
تھوڑھی ڈھنے مکڑہ ٹھنے۔  
حکم حکم۔ سچے ٹھنے،  
سچے ملکہ ڈھنے کسہ میں۔  
لکھ میں میکھنے ڈھنے،  
لیکھیں وہ ڈھنے۔  
لے ڈھنے ڈھنے سببے،  
گل ڈھنے لکھنے ٹھنے۔

ڈھنے ڈھنے جھیکڑا،  
ٹھاڈ میہ لگا گن جھیکڑا۔

The father is very surprised  
 The son is getting angry  
 He could no longer wait  
 He flew and stung the weaver  
 She became blind on one eye  
 She fainted right where she was.  
 The fly escaped through a crack  
 As fast as a ship  
 And flew with her small wings  
 Until arrived in his own country.

ڪم جي ڻي ڦڻي ڏڻي،  
 ٻڌڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.  
 حڪڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڪڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.  
 سڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڪم ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.  
 ڪڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڪم ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.  
 ڪڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڪم ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.

Again at the coast  
 That Rama Lakhouma  
 Has sat thinking  
 Until he saw his dove.

مڃڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ه ڏڻي گسڻي،  
 سا ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڪ ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.

"O Rama Lakhouma  
 Brightening of the day  
 Why are you sad?  
 What can I do for you?"

" ڻي ڏڻي گسڻي،  
 ٻڌڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي.  
 ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي؟  
 ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي،  
 ڻي ڻي ڻي ڻي؟

“My troubled heart again  
Needs a magic.  
Another magic  
Is asking for eagerly.

“Open the heart for me  
Tell me the magic.”

On an island in the sea  
A wave rises  
Every day in one village  
With a roaring noise  
Warriors are emerging  
To guard the city  
33 good looking young men  
Shining with fish scales  
They are the same height  
And as good looking as sun  
There is no power to judge them  
And Gilgamesh is their leader.”

”مید ڈیب جب جب نکتے،  
کم کیتے میہ عبیتے.  
سچ ڈیتے کم کیتے،  
جب صہم ڈیکتے۔“

”فہم کیہ ڈھب لیتے،  
حاب کیہ کم کیتے۔“

حسن گردہ ڈیتے می تھے،  
سچ کئے میہ یعنیتے.  
حد تھمہن سچ ڈھنے،  
جب مگن ڈیکھ لمعہ،  
کلکتے مئے یعنیتے.  
ٹھے محبتہ ٹھہڈی.  
اگدھ کہ میکتے یعنیتے،  
می ڈھکھ ڈیتھڈی.  
یحکتے سچ ٹھمہن،  
کسہ ہن میہ ٹھمہن.  
کیہ سچ سکن ٹھے دتھد،  
یکھیت ڈھمہ دتھد۔“

The dove asked:

"Is this why you are sad?

Let the sorrow away from your heart

I know magic

They are my brothers O Rama

The warriors of the sea.

Let your love be abundant

Because you have guests over in your house."

ଦମ୍ଭିର ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ:

"ମହି ଦମ୍ଭ ନାହିଁ?

ମହିମା ମହିମା ନାହିଁ,

ବାହେ କି ମହିମା ନାହିଁ.

ସୁତ୍ର ପତ୍ର ନାହିଁ,

କୁଣ୍ଡିର ଜମି ନାହିଁ.

ସୁତ୍ରମାର୍ଗ ନାହିଁ,

"ଦମ୍ଭନ କୁଣ୍ଡିର ନାହିଁ."

Rama left happily

For his palace while he kept his eye on the sea.

A huge wave raised

And from the bottom of the sea lifted

33 good looking young men

Shining with fish scales

One more pleasant than the other

With shiny hair of silver

Walking in pairs

With steam coming out of their shoulders

And Gilgamesh leading them.

ଦମ୍ଭକାରୀ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ,

ମହିଦମ୍ଭ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ.

ଶ୍ରୀ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ମହିମା,

ମହିମା କିନ୍ତୁ ମହିମା,

ଏକ୍ଷା କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ,

ମହିମାର୍ଗ କିନ୍ତୁ ମହିମା.

ନାହିଁ ନାହିଁ ନାହିଁ ନାହିଁ,

ହୋହ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ.

ଦିନେଶ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ,

ମହାର କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ.

କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ,

They have arrived Rama's city  
Everyone is coming out of the houses  
People are running to see them.

میکی مئے کمد بیٹھا چڑھئے  
حد بیج میں بیٹھا چڑھئے  
کلہم کسیہا بیڈھئے

Gilgamesh said: "I  
Have an order from dove  
Everyday with warriors  
To guard the city.  
Every morning from the sea  
We will come for salutation  
Standing at the perimeter of the city  
To keep the city in joy (away from any danger)  
The ground is harmful for us  
We will go back." Concluded the leader.  
Gilgamesh's words ended  
And all of them disappeared.

۲۷ مَذَّى يَكْمِيدْ : " ۲۷ تَّنْ ،  
 مَذَّى تَّنْ بَهْ كَبْ فَمَذَّى .  
 حَدْ تَهْ بَهْ بَهْ بَعْثَدْ ۲۷ ،  
 ۲۸ كَمْجَبَهْ تَهْ دَهْ .  
 حَدْ قَبْهَهْ بَهْ تَهْ ،  
 يَهْ ۲۹ كَدَّهْ عَكْهَهْ .  
 يَحْكَهْ كَيْدَهْ ۲۰ كَمْجَبَهْ ،  
 سَعْهَهْ يَهْ كَمْجَبَهْ سَعْهَهْ .  
 بَكْهَهْ بَكْهَهْ قَهْ وَتَهْ .  
 كَمْسَهْ ! سَهْ مَكْهَهْ مَدْهَهْ تَهْ .  
 يَكْمِيدْ بَكْهَهْ ۲۱ كَمْلَهْ دَهْ .  
 حَكْ مَكْهَهْ بَكْهَهْ كَمْلَهْ ۲۲

There were winds in the sea  
There was a ship on the sea  
The ship was running through waves  
The winds and the sails were intertwining

Passing by the island  
The shining rays are hurting the eyes.

بِ شَدَّةِ نُورٍ مُّبِينٍ،  
مُحْمَّدٌ نَّبِيٌّ بَرِّيٌّ.

The gun salute began  
Asking the ship to anchor  
Rama Lakhouma arrived  
And greeted the guests  
He welcomed them in his house  
In a reception to eat and drink.

مَوْتَانٍ حَمْدٍ لِلَّهِ، مَشَّا  
بِكَثَرٍ بِكَثَرٍ لَهُمْ.  
لَهُمْ لَهُمْ كَسْهَمْ،  
لَهُمْ لَهُمْ بَعْكَمْ.  
مُهَاجِّدٌ مَلِئَ بَعْثَةَ بَعْثَةٍ،  
بَعْثَةَ بَعْثَةَ بَعْثَةَ.

From sea, from their purpose  
Where to they were going  
He was asking them  
The sailors replied:

بِ مَهْمَهٍ بِيْتَنِيْ،  
مَهْمَهٍ بِيْتَنِيْ مَهْمَهٍ بِيْتَنِيْ،  
مَهْمَهٍ بِيْتَنِيْ بِيْتَنِيْ.  
بِيْتَنِيْ بِيْتَنِيْ بِيْتَنِيْ:

“We are traveling the world  
And passing through countries  
At profit or loss  
We are buying and selling  
From iron and steel  
Gold or silver

"بِجَهَنَّمِيْ بِهَمَّهِ بِيْسَمَّهِ،  
مَهْمَهٍ بِيْتَنِيْ بِيْتَنِيْ.  
بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ،  
بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ بِيْسَمَّهِ.  
بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ،  
بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ بِهَمَّهِ.

Now gradually  
We are departing  
From your country your excellence  
To the land of Malek Slita.”

نیڈتے دبنتے دبنتے،  
یعنگاں مفے تھوڑتے،  
مہماں ہے جنگے،  
کنڈا ڈمکیے ہلکے۔

“On this long journey  
Happy traveling (bon voyage)  
You convey over there from me  
To Malek Slita greetings.”

”تھوڑتے بڑھتے بڑھتے،  
سچھا جھے بڑھا۔  
تھا جکھے میب آئے،  
کمکیے ہلکے ہلکے۔

After bowing  
They departed on their journey.  
Following them Malek Rama  
Came to the sea shore.  
He found the dove  
That was swimming; and he screamed:

”کھا ملکھا ڈھنے،  
تھیکا، کوہ دشمن دشمن  
کھا، مکی ڈم،  
کھا یہ کھدا ڈم۔  
کھا ٹھئے مہم جیکے،  
تھیکا، ہمہ ٹھیکے:

“Because of sorrow again,  
My heart misses my father (deep desire to see his father).”

”تھئے میجھے ڈیکھ،  
مہ سبب میکے می تھب۔

From sea, the dove

مکتے مٹھئے ٹھئے،

Sprinkled water on the boy  
He became a piece  
Looking like a wasp.  
He flew buzzing  
And squeezed in corner  
In the ship afloat on the sea  
Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

مہذبی گنہ بکھر بذہتے  
تی ۲۰۱ کی ۰۵ ہجہ میگے،  
تھی میہ ۲۸ دیوبنیگے.  
عذیزی ۰۰،۰۰۰،۰۰۰ دیگے.  
حست ۲ صہیلہ صیویکے.  
گہ یکھن لکھن نہیں،  
جیسٹن جیوٹن.

The winds were happily gusting  
The ship was swimming with the waves  
From one island to another  
The journey on the sea was not short.

فہریت ۲۸۰۰ میتے.  
یکھن ملکیت یہ میتے.  
حست ۲ کیڈ ۲۸ کا ۰۲ میڈ ۲،  
۰۰۰۲ تھنہ گن حذب ۲.

They arrived their country happily  
And were invited to a reception  
Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita  
Our young warrior following them.

میں کاہ کے ۲۸۰۰ تھنہ ۲،  
بھکر کاہ جب ۲ کے ۰۲ میڈ ۲،  
کھڑ ۲ گھنی کے ۰۲،  
کھڈ ۰، کھڈ ۰، کھڈ ۰.

He saw his father sitting  
His robe was embroidered with gold  
While sad

سو یہ ۰۰ تھنہ ۰۰ میڈ ۰،  
کیڈ ۰۰ تھنہ ۰۰ کے ۰۰ میڈ ۰،  
میٹ ۰۰ تھنہ ۰۰ بج ۰۰.

He sat next to his father  
The old granny and two sisters  
Four eyes and three faces (two eyes are already blind).

سہ بیٹے چھوٹے بھوڑکیں  
تندبیت ۸۵ ڈب ساہی،  
جذبہ بیت ۸۶ کہ ساہی۔

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)  
To tell from little from large (from here and there)  
From counties behind the sea  
From bad times and good times.

مکی ہلکے یہ کہنے:  
چھب مسجد می ڈکی،  
مٹھاڈیا ڈکھا دیکھی،  
مکھیہ ڈا ۸۰ مکھو ہمیں۔

Bowing respectfully  
The sailors were saying to him:  
“traveling around the world  
We have seen –a told- magic.  
There is an island in the sea  
Waves are rising from the sea  
Warriors are emerging from within the waves  
33 good looking young men  
They are the same height  
One better looking than the other  
There is no power to judge them  
And Gilgamesh is their leader.

ڈکھ جو کہہ، ۷۱ بیکھ،  
قہوہ بیکھ ۷۲ بیکھ،  
بیکھ ۷۳ کیج ۷۴ بیکھی،  
سیوئے سہ سہ کو یکتے ۷۵ بیکھی۔  
سہ ۷۶ گوڈا ۷۷ بہ بیکھ،  
مکھی ۷۸ بیکھ بیکھ،  
۷۹ گہ ۸۰ کہ بیکھ بیکھ،  
حکم ۸۱ ہلکہ بیکھ،  
سہ مہ ۸۲ بیکھ گیہ مہ،  
کہ سہ سکن ۸۳ بیکھ،  
یکھیت ۸۴ مہ بیکھ۔

He marches them in pairs.  
With steam coming out of their shoulders  
They stand at the perimeter of the city  
Guarding the joyful city  
There is no narrator to say  
That there is anyone mightier than them.  
And their king Malek Rama  
Is sending his regards to you.

جیکی دھنے، وہ بھنے بھوگئے،  
مذہب وحید ملکئے بھوگئے.  
جی ہلکب کیجئے دھمبوگا،  
ئہ کھنڈ کھمبوگا سوچا.  
لکھ سبھ دھنے دھی،  
دھبھ میڈ دھم دھلکی.  
ملکخ وہ مکی ڈھنے،  
ٹھہر ٹھہر ڈھنے.

Malek Slita was astonished  
And with a broken heart was saying”  
“If my life allows me  
I will visit the magical place.  
I would get up and depart on a journey  
And would be a guest for Rama.”

کھوکھ ملے مکی ہلکے،  
نہ کھنڈ دھنے کیتے جھمکے:  
”بھتب بھابب کب بھجئے،  
کیمہ یقینی می ڈھکئے.  
جیم قسمی ملکی کھوڈئے،  
جیم ہمیں کھمہ ڈھئے۔“

Two sisters were quiet.  
With their foreface full of laughs.  
The old granny said  
With her long nose:  
“It may be a lie,

ڈھنے سہاہی ملے ہیکی،  
کھوڑت ملیختے ہیکی.  
ہیم کھنڈ بھنڈ بھنے،  
دھنہ فسیذہ سب بھنے:  
”دھکی سبھجے بے ڈھے،

I am not seeing the magic.  
I will tell about a magic  
That will have magicians' jaws dropped."

There is a girl in the sea  
With no limit to her beauty  
She would take light from day  
And would remove the darkness from night  
You never get bored of her talk  
Her songs resemble water out of a fountain  
There is a star on he forehead  
And a moon on her hair  
She is tall and sparkling  
And walks gracefully like a peahen.

This is the worthy magic  
It is not just a word on the wind.”

The wise guests kept it quiet  
And did not pursue any discussion.

لِيْلَهُ، يَسْوَّمَهُ كَمْ كَيْتَهُ.  
لِيْلَهُ مَلِيْكَهُ يَسْوَّمَهُ سَبَّهُ،  
مَلِيْكَهُ فَهُمْ كَمْ كَيْتَهُ.

لے کر بیٹھنے میتھے،  
کہ میتھے کھمے تھیں۔"

نَّذِيْرَةً مَكَّةَ نَّذِيْرَةً مَكَّةَ

The father was very surprised  
The son was getting angry  
On her eye he did not want to  
But flew and stung her on her nose  
Her big nose swell  
She fainted right where she was.

ମହିମା ମହାକାବ୍ୟ ତଥା ତଥା,  
ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ ତଥା ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ.  
ମହିମା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ ମହିମା ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ.  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.

There was a commotion in the place  
Everyone was shouting  
Hit and snatch the wasp  
It should be killed and cut in pieces.  
The wasp escaped through a crack  
As fast as a ship  
And flew with her small wings  
Until arrived in his own country.

ମହିମା ମହାକାବ୍ୟ,  
ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ ବ୍ୟାକ୍ଷମ କିମ୍ବା.  
ମହିମା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.

Again at the coast  
Rama is sad  
He is sitting and thinking  
His dove came near him.

ମହିମା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.  
ମହିମା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା,  
କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା କିମ୍ବା.

“Greetings O Rama  
Brightening of the day  
Why are you sad?  
What can I do for you?”

”ଜୁମଳେ ହେ ଦମ୍ଭ,  
ବୁଜିବିଦ୍ବ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ  
ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଦ୍ଵାରା କିମ୍ବା ?  
ମହା ଦ୍ଵାରା ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ?”

“Deep in my heart I am sad  
Because I am lonely.  
Because everyone is with a sweetheart  
But I without someone to love.”

”କିବ ବିଳା ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ଖମ୍ବ ଦୁର୍ବୁଦ୍ଧ ହେ ଦମ୍ଭ.  
ହେ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ଦମ୍ଭ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ !”

“Put your faith in me  
And tell me what you think.”

”ନାଟ୍ଟୀ କବ କବ ମହା ମହା !”

“They say there is a girl in the sea  
With no limit to her beauty  
She would take light from day  
And would remove the darkness from night  
There is a star on her forehead  
And a moon on her hair  
She is tall and sparkling  
And walks gracefully like a peahen.

”ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ.  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ.  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ.  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ,  
ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ ନାଟ୍ଟୀ.”

You never get bored of her talk  
Her songs resemble water out of a fountain.  
If this is not true  
My sorrow will be bitter."

مذہب مذہب تھوڑے گلے یہ بگئی،  
مذہب نہ مذہب یہ بگئی.  
مذہب کا گلے گوں بذہب ہے،  
سبب کا گوں مذہب ہے!

The dove was quiet for a short while  
Then she explained to him"  
"Yes. There is such a girl  
That her problem cannot be solved (she is mysterious).  
There is no hand to reach her  
She would not let any arm to embrace her.  
Think about it, and then  
I will grant you your wish."

تمہاری بیوی جیسا تھا،  
بے گلے قہوہ کو یہ تھا:  
کیا ہے سچا جو جنہیں تھے،  
جیسا کہ گلے گھنے تھے.  
کیا مذہب کا بھائی کو یہ تھا،  
کیا تبکر کا بھائی کو یہ تھا.  
اسی سعی پر مکی ہے تھا،  
جسے میف فی مذہب تھا۔

Rama said: "I swear  
O dove to carry on my love  
I will go to the end of the world  
Until my life is not ended (as long as I live).  
Even if I am lost or burned  
I will not quit loving her."  
With a long sigh from her heart

رمیا ڈھنے دھنے: "یہ میں،  
تیر تھا جسے بھائی.  
یہ گلے کو کھڑکا جو جیئے،  
کہ سب کی متن جو جیئے.  
یہ اکی ہے تھے مسجد،  
محبوب ہے کی گذی بھائی.  
تیر سہا بذہب مذہب،

The dove said lovingly:

"Why should you experience difficulties  
Your wish is about to be granted.  
Listen to good news  
I am that girl."

ମୋହି କହ ତୁ ତୁ ବିମୋହି :  
"ଶୁଭେ ଦବ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର,  
ତୁ ମୋହି, ବିକାଶ ମୋହି .  
ଶୁଭି ଯିବେ ମିଶିବେ ,  
"ତ ତାମ ମେ, ତାମ !"

The dove is rising in the air

And flying over the waves of the sea.  
She descended from sky to the ground  
And stood behind a tree  
She swung her wings  
The dove turned into the girl.

ତୁ ମେ ହାତେ ହାତେ ,  
କହିଲୁ ମନ୍ଦ କିମ୍ବା ହାତେ ,  
ମେ ହମ୍ମିବେ କହିଲୁ ହିଲି କାହା ,  
ତାହା ମେ ବିକାଶ ହିଲି କାହା .  
ତ ଯିଲକୁଣ୍ଡର ଫେଦିଲା ,  
ତମିଲା କହିଲା ମେଲା .

There is a moon on her hair

And a star on he forehead  
She is tall and sparkling  
And walks gracefully like birds  
You never get bored of her talk  
Her songs resemble water out of a fountain

ମେ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ମହିନେ ତମମେ ,  
ମେ ହାତେ ଧରିବେ କମ୍ପିଲା .  
ତମମେ ତ ମନ୍ଦ କାହାଇ ,  
ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ମନ୍ଦ କାହାଇ .  
ମନ୍ଦମନ୍ଦ ମନ୍ଦ କାହାଇ ,  
ମନ୍ଦମନ୍ଦ ମନ୍ଦ କାହାଇ .

Rama held her close to his chest

ତମ କାହାରେ ବିହିନୀ କାହାଇ ,

And will all his love embraced her  
 He took her to his mother  
 And fell to his mother's feet.  
 He said: "O beloved mother  
 A sweetheart has been found for me  
 An admired sweetheart  
 She will respect you in her life.  
 Pray for us  
 So that all our wishes will be granted.  
 So that we shall live in love and peace  
 Until our lives are ended."

She held the icons of saints  
 And held the heads to the rock  
 The mother was crying and saying:  
 "O my god who's name is praised  
 Protect them happy and blessed  
 In a sweet and trouble-free life.

They did not prolong the case  
 They wedded the bride.

جھنگ سوچنے سوچنے لیں.  
 ٹھہڑیں کیوں سوچنے کیلیں،  
 لکھنے کیلیں جیوں سوچنے کیلیں.  
 ٹھہڑیں: "یہب مہیں گا،  
 محجسٹہ مکھ ٹھہڑیں ٹکڑا،  
 سوچنے کیلیں ملکہ ملیکہ ٹھہڑیں،  
 ٹھہڑیں جو ٹھہڑیں ملیکہ ٹھہڑیں.  
 پوکھ ٹھہڑیں سوچنے کیلیں،  
 ٹھہڑیں کھد سوچنے کیلیں.  
 سوچنے کیلیں سوچنے کیلیں،  
 لکھنے کیلیں سوچنے کیلیں."

جیوں ٹھہڑیں جیوں ٹھہڑیں،  
 سوچنے کیلیں کھنکھنے کیلیں.  
 ٹھہڑیں ملکہ ملیکہ یقین:  
 ٹکڑا سوچنے کیلیں،  
 سوچنے کیلیں ملکہ ملیکہ یقین،  
 ٹھہڑیں سوچنے کیلیں ملکہ ملیکہ یقین.

جھنگ کیلیں ملکہ ملیکہ یقین،  
 ٹھہڑیں کھنکھنے کیلیں..

Groom beside the bride  
Is expecting their child.

سیہتے کھنڈے دکھے،  
یعنی ڈیکھے کھنڈے۔

There were winds in the sea  
There was a ship on the sea  
The ship was running through waves  
The winds and the sails were intertwining  
Passing by the island  
The shining rays are hurting the eyes.  
The gun salute began  
Asking the ship to anchor  
Rama Lakhouma arrived  
And greeted the guests  
He welcomed them in his house  
In a reception to eat and drink.

کھمیں مٹھے یعنی۔  
سچے ڈکھے بگھے لکھے تھے۔  
لکھے جیکے یہ شکے۔  
کھمیں ہوئے یہ بگے۔  
بھ قدر کوڈاں ڈبڈا،  
مکھمیں بختے بھٹا۔  
بھوقے جوڈیں کھڑے،  
بگھے ڈکھے کھٹھے۔  
لکھیں بھوکھے تھکھے۔  
سموکھے ڈیکھے بختے،  
تمیہاں جو جگہوں عہدے۔

From sea, from their purpose  
Where to they were going  
He was asking them  
The sailors replied:

بھ تھے بھ تھے،  
مکھے ڈیکھے مٹھے بھٹھے،  
میکھ مٹھے بھٹھے۔  
یہ ہو تھا، ڈکھے:

"We are traveling the world  
And passing through countries  
At profit or loss  
We are buying and selling  
Expensive articles  
From vases and plates  
Now gradually  
We are departing  
From your country your excellence  
To the land of Malek Slita."

"On this long journey  
Happy traveling (bon voyage)  
To your king greetings  
You convey over there from me.  
Why has he not come  
To visit us so far?"

He left the sailors  
And this time stayed in his own country.  
Flesh to flesh with sweetheart

"جہوئے مہ سیست 25،  
مکاٹھے 25 نکتے.  
گہ مکتے گہ مٹتے،  
وکھیے مہ سیوبتے،  
میجتے کبھتے،  
میہتے میہتے.  
نیڈتے بستے بستے،  
نہ ڈیٹے بکھرے کمکتے،  
مکھدھے نے ٹکرے،  
کٹھے 25 دمکی ہکرے."

"ب 25 ڈیٹے بڈجہ،  
سوہنہ جہہ بڈجہ.  
ٹھہ ملکھہ جہہ، ٹکٹے،  
ٹھہ بکھہ، میب آٹھ.  
ٹھہ جب کی میہ 25 بے،  
لیھک ٹھڈ ڈھنے؟"

میکھیے ڈم کیڈی،  
ب 25 ڈیٹے بڈجہ کیڈی.  
گھوٹے گہ ٹکرے

Not getting distant from his love.

لے ہجتے ہی میں میتھا۔

The winds were happily gusting  
The ship was swimming with the waves  
From one island to another  
The journey on the sea was not short.

کھیتے ہیں ہجڑے ہیں میتھے۔  
لکھنے ملکیتے ہیں میتھے۔  
میتھے کھڑا ہے کافہ ہے میتھا،  
میتھے ہٹھے ہٹھے گے حذہ۔

They arrived their country happily  
And were invited to a reception  
They found the king sad  
His crown was shining on his head  
The old granny  
And the weaving aunt  
Were sitting next to him watching  
There were six eyes of which two were blind

میتھا کھڑا ہے ہجڑا ہے میتھا۔  
فیکھا ہے جب ہے کٹا ہے میتھا۔  
پھر ملکھنے سونے کھڑا ہے میتھا،  
حکیم ہے خاتم ہے میتھا۔  
تندبھے ہے بیکھا ہے میتھا،  
میتھا سکھا ہے کھجورا ہے میتھا،  
سہی ہے سوچو ہے فرمادا ہے میتھا،  
یعنی بکتی ہے دی ہے حوما ہے میتھا۔

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)  
To tell from little from large (from here and there)  
From counties behind the sea  
From bad times and good times.

مکی ہلکی ہیکٹیں:  
چھبھب میتھا ہی دھنی،  
میتھا ہے کھڑا ہٹھا،  
میتھا ہے میتھا ہٹھا۔

ڈیکھ جو کہا، بے بھٹک،  
ٹھہڑ بے کھڑ 2 مکد 2:

Bowing respectfully

The sailors were saying to him:

“traveling around the world  
We have seen –a told- magic.  
There is an island in the sea  
With limitless beauty of its city  
The palaces, the convents, and the gardens  
Who can describe their beauty!  
The golden dome of churches  
Who can explain them!

We saw in a glass house  
The squirrel that sings psalms  
The squirrel that has been trained to work  
Is picking from tree  
Golden hazelnuts  
But the core (nut) of emerald  
Hundreds of dedicated guards  
Are protecting the squirrel.

”یہ 2 کیج 2 جو ہے،  
یوئے سے کوئی ہے ہے۔  
سے 2 گوڈا 2 بہ ہے تھے،  
محبہ ہے جو کہ ہے گا تھے۔  
پڑی 2 ہے 2 جو ہے،  
محمود 2 مکب بیج ہے!  
کہ مدد 2 مکب بیج ہے،  
میہد 2 مکب بیج ہے!

سوئے کے بھٹکے دیکھ 2،  
محمد 2 جو مکد 2 مکوہ 2،  
محمد 2 مکب ہے یکھٹے،  
مکب ہے می 2 بکھٹے،  
قیادتی ہے مکب ہے ہد 2،  
میہد 2 بھٹے ہے مکد 2،  
حکمتی ہے گھٹے گھٹے 2،  
مکب ہے مکب ہے ہد 2،

Another magic over there  
 A wave rises from the sea  
 Warriors are emerging from within the wave  
 To guard the city perimeter  
 33 good looking young men  
 Shining with fish scales  
 They are the same height  
 One better looking than the other  
 There is no power to judge them  
 And Gilgamesh is their leader.  
 There is no narrator to say  
 That there is anyone mightier than them.

And the king has a wife  
 Without any flaw in her beauty  
 She would take light from day  
 And would remove the darkness from night  
 There is a star on he forehead  
 And a moon on her hair.

Rama is reigning there

کو گئے نیڈتے مکے،  
 مکمے کو یعنی،  
 ملکے کئے بختی.  
 کسیدہ 2 مہ بعده تکہ 2.  
 گ۸۸۵ کہ خوبی 2 یعنی،  
 سعہ کھی دیتے مدد ہیں.  
 حک چلیے سب سے تکہ،  
 سب مدد 2 نیڈتے کسہ میں.  
 کہ سب سکنے دیں،  
 یکمیں 2 مدد دیں.  
 کہ سب دستے دھی،  
 دبہ میں دم دیکتی.

۲۰ بہ کی 2 سب چھے ملکے،  
 سب مدد ہے کہ گہ بیت کھی  
 تکہ میں مدد 25 حملہ کے،  
 ملکیں یعنی حملہ کے.  
 سب ہو جئے ذہبیں کیوں،  
 سب ہو 25 مہ بیت تکہ میں.

۲۱ میں حمہ میں مکے،

And sending you his regards.  
He and his household with a united voice  
Are complaining (about you)  
That why you are not visiting them  
And have kept them in anticipation until now."

The king was frustrated from waiting  
He ordered ships to be prepared  
The cook and the weaver  
Along with the crazy granny  
Were thinking and searching  
How they can stop the king from this journey.

The king angrily looked at them  
And hushed them on their spots.  
"Am I a king or a child?  
Have I been born today?  
We will no longer wait here  
Right today, we will get on the way."

From his palace again, Rama

શાહી નાના જીનું જીત્તનું.  
નુંનું નાના જીત્તનું  
હાજર હિંમે હિંમે.  
લિંગ શુદ્ધ કર્ણ જીત્તનું,  
મહેશુદ્ધ કર્ણ જીત્તનું.

મલ્લા મિ સન્કા હિંમેદીન,  
કર્ણ જીત્તનું હિંમેદીન.  
ખાલું નાના જીત્તનું,  
મણદસ્તનું જીત્તનું,  
દુસ્માનું સારો હિંમેદીન,  
કર્ણ જીત્તનું મલ્લા મહે.

મલ્લા તખ્ટનું હિંમેદીન,  
શાહ તખ્ટનું મહેદીન.  
"મલ્લા મિ ન પણ્ણનું,  
મિ મણે જીત્તનું તુંનું?  
નિદ્રાનું કિ હાજર કાજનું,  
તુંનું જીત્તનું તખ્ટનું કર્ણ નાના.

મલ્લા નાના જીત્તનું,

Is looking at the sea.  
The waves in the sea are at rest  
The thunders have stopped.  
In the blue horizon  
There are some ships  
On one of the ships he sees  
His father sailing  
He jumped as if he was out of his mind  
And screamed to everyone  
“Come my wife, come mother  
Come sweeter than my blood (beloved ones)  
My father is coming  
And bringing the ship to the shore.  
Through binoculars  
Looking from the ship  
The cook and the weaver  
And his crazy grandmother  
Are stunned so much  
By the magical city  
Trumpets are played  
The bells are tolled

With greetings to father  
Rama welcomes him  
He is taking to home  
His grandmother and aunts  
Words to his father  
He has kept in his heart (secret).

میں ٹھنڈے بہ جگھنے،  
بھرمیں میکاہ ڈھنے.  
کھوکھے میکاہ کھنے،  
تھمے سے مسلسلہ ہے۔  
سندھیں میں ٹھنڈے،  
سہمند میکاہ کیجھے ہے۔

Everyone is on the way  
To the hall to be guests (for reception)  
Malek Slita is looking  
At 33 young warriors  
Who can describe their beauty?  
With a tall posture  
Gilgamesh is leading them  
Under a big tree  
Surrounded by a glass house  
The squirrel is singing and telling (narrating)  
And also picking hazelnuts.  
Golden hazelnuts  
Bag full of emeralds

حکم تھیں میں کھوڈنے،  
لہوئے تھے بے ڈھنے.  
مکی ہلکیں کھوڈنے،  
لگ کھوڈنے بیٹھنے یعنی  
محمودہ محب بیٹھنے ہی۔  
تین ٹھہنے مسند ٹھنے،  
یکمیں وہ مدد ٹھنے.  
اسہے ہم بکٹے کھوڈنے،  
کسیدہ سے بکٹے گیکھنے،  
ھمڈے ہوئے ہمہ ہیں،  
یعنی وہ کھہنے۔  
یعنی مدد ٹھنے،  
تھہنے مکہنے ہے۔

There no spot to sit  
That is not ornamented with gold.  
The guests are moving forward  
And seeing the bride.  
With a magical beauty  
Awakening the asleep.  
There is a star on her forehead  
And a moon on her hair  
The tall posture is cry of exaltation  
The birds are drunk and strutting  
Next to her stands her mother-in-law  
He (Malek Slita) saw her (his wife) and recognized her  
Malek Slita as if talking in his sleep:  
"What are my eyes seeing?"

His heart was racing and calming down  
His eyes were tearful  
He embraced his wife and his son  
And kissed her daughter-in-law on her star  
They sat for supper  
To eat, drink, and celebrate.

لکھ سجے جو ہے نہ ملے،  
دیکھ لگئے کھلکھلے بہ بہ بہ.  
ڈھنے بڑھنے ملے کشیدھنے،  
یسے ہوئے حکھھے ہے.  
بہ سجے جو ہے 2 سدھنے،  
پھٹکنے ملے یعنی.  
سجے ہو جائے ذہبیتے کیوں،  
سجے ہو 25 مہببے تھمھم.  
ٹھنڈے ڈھنے کہ دیکھنے،  
پکھنے ڈھنے ڈھمکنے.  
حکھکنے لگئے کھلکھلے سفیدی،  
سیوٹے کی 50 میلے دیکھنے.  
مکی ہلکی نبی دھنے:  
"بیتے مہدیتے ملے یسے ہے!"

لکھاں ملٹے یتکنے،  
دھنیتے ملکیتے بہ بیکنے.  
پھٹکاں بڑھاں بڑھاں بیکلی،  
پھٹکنے ملھے جیہے بیکلی.  
سیجکلہ، بھمکنے 25 ڈھنے،  
تاجکلہ ہو جائے میکلی.

The cook and the weaver  
And crazy granny  
Were hiding in holes  
Until three of them were found.  
They were scare of death  
And quickly admitted to their guilt.

Because the happiness was immense  
They received freedom (were pardoned).

Half drunk, fell asleep  
Malek Slita and sun did set.

The dove flew over the sea  
And the tale ended.

بیکنگا نہ کچکنگا،  
مکنڈبٹے یعنی گنگا،  
گہ یوکیوں ساہہ جذبی،  
کہ کیمہ ب قبکاہہ، مکجبی.  
بھ مہمہ ڈھنے، گیکدھہ،  
مکتی ڈھنے پکدھہ مہمہ کدھہ.

جھ کھڈھنے ڈھنے،  
مکی گہ ٹھاہہ یعنی ڈھنے.

بکبہ - ڈھنے مکینگا یعنی کی،  
مکی ٹکبکہ ہیمعنے یعنی کی.

سہنے کھیسکہ لکھنے مکنے،  
میہکنے ڈھنے گہ لہنے.